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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

✓
MICHAEL BRUCE.

— *Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.*

OVID.

EDINBURGH:

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P R E F A C E.

MICHAEL BRUCE, the Author of the following Poems, lives now no more but in the remembrance of his friends. He was born in a remote village in KINROSS shire, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives. They, however, had the penetration to discover in their young son a genius superior to the common, and had the merit to give him a polite and liberal education. From his earliest years, he had manifested

manifested the most sanguine love of letters, and afterwards made eminent progress in many branches of literature. But poetry was his darling study ; the poets were his perpetual companions. He read their works with avidity, and with a congenial enthusiasm ; he caught their spirit as well as their manner ; and though he sometimes imitated their style, he was a poet from inspiration. No less amiable as a man, than valuable as a writer ; endowed with good nature, and good sense ; humane, friendly, benevolent ; he loved his friends, and was beloved by them with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the æra of youth and innocence.

IT was during the summer vacations of the college that he composed the following Poems. If images of nature that are beautiful and new; if sentiments, warm from the heart, interesting, and pathetic; if a style, chaste with ornament, and elegant with simplicity; if these, and many other beauties of nature and of art, are allowed to constitute true poetic merit, the following Poems will stand high in the judgment of men of taste.

AFTER the author had finished his course of philosophy at EDINBURGH, he was seized with a consumption, of which he died, about the 21st year of his age.

DURING

DURING that disease, and in the immediate view of death, he wrote the elegy which concludes this collection; the latter part of which is wrought up into the most passionate strains of the true pathetic, and is not perhaps inferior to any poetry in any language.

To make up a miscellany, some poems, wrote by different authors, are inserted, all of them original, and none of them destitute of merit. The reader of taste will easily distinguish them from those of MR BRUCE, without their being particularized by any mark.

SEVERAL

SEVERAL of these Poems have been approved by persons of the first taste in the kingdom, and the Editor publishes them to that small circle for whom they are intended, not with solicitude and anxiety, but with the pleasurable reflection that he is furnishing out a classical entertainment to every reader of refined taste.



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POEMS.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

T H E

EAGLE, CROW, AND SHEPHERD:

A F A B L E.

BENEATH the horror of a rock,

A shepherd careless fed his flock.

Soufe from its top an eagle came,

And feiz'd upon a sporting lamb;

Its tender fides his talons tear,

And bear it bleating thro' the air.

THIS was discover'd by a crow,
 Who hopp'd upon the plain below.
 " You ram," says he, " becomes my prey ;"
 And, mounting, hastens to the fray,
 Lights on his back—when lo, ill-luck !
 He in the fleece entangled stuck ;
 He spreads his wings, but can't get free,
 Struggling in vain for liberty.

THE shepherd soon the captive spies,
 And soon he seizes on the prize.
 His children curious croud around,
 And ask what strange fowl he has found ?
 " My sons," said he, " warn'd by this wretch,
 " Attempt no deed above your reach :
 " An eagle not an hour ago,
 " He's now content to be a crow."

ALEXIS:

ALEXIS: A PASTORAL.

UPON a bank with cowslips cover'd o'er,
 Where LEVEN's waters break against the shore;
 What time the village fires in circles talk,
 And youths and maidens take their evening walk;
 Among the yellow broom ALEXIS lay,
 And view'd the beauties of the setting day.

FULL well you might observe some inward smart,
 Some secret grief hung heavy at his heart.
 While round the field his sportive lambkins play'd,
 He rais'd his plaintive voice, and thus he said:

BEGIN, my pipe! a softly mournful strain.
 The parting sun shines yellow on the plain;
 The balmy west-wind breathes along the ground;
 Their evening sweets the flow'rs dispense around;

The

14 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The flocks stray bleating o'er the mountain's brow,
And from the plain the answer'ing cattle low ;
Sweet chant the feather'd tribes on every tree,
And all things feel the joys of love, but me.

BEGIN, my pipe ! begin the mournful strain.
EUMELIA meets my kindness with disdain.
Oft have I try'd her stubborn heart to move,
And in her icy bosom kindle love :
But all in vain—ere I my love declar'd,
With other youths her company I shar'd ;
But now she shuns me hopeless and forlorn,
And pays my constant passion with her scorn.

BEGIN, my pipe ! the sadly-soothing strain,
And bring the days of innocence again.
Well I remember, in the sunny scene
We ran, we play'd together on the green.

Fair in our youth, and wanton in our play,
 We toy'd, we sported the long summer's day.
 For her I spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
 And taught the goldfinch on her hand to sing.
 We sat and sung beneath the lovers tree ;
 One was her look, and it was fix'd on me.

BEGIN, my pipe ! a melancholy strain.
 A holiday was kept on yonder plain ;
 The feast was spread upon the flow'ry mead,
 And skilful THYRSIS tun'd his vocal reed ;
 Each for the dance selects the nymph he loves,
 And every nymph with smiles her swain approves :
 The setting sun beheld their mirthful glee,
 And left all happy in their love, but me.

BEGIN, my pipe ! a softly-mournful strain.
 O cruel nymph ! O most unhappy swain !

To climb the steepy rock's tremendous height,
 And crop its herbage is the goats delight ;
 The flowery thyme delights the humming bees,
 And blooming wilds the bleating lambkins please ;
 DAPHNIS courts CHLOE under every tree :
 EUMELIA ! you alone have joys for me !

Now cease, my pipe ! now cease the mournful strain.
 Lo, yonder comes EUMELIA o'er the plain !
 Till she approach, I'll lurk behind the shade,
 Then try with all my art the stubborn maid :
 Though to her lover cruel and unkind,
 Yet time may change the purpose of her mind.
 But vain these pleasing hopes ! already see,
 She hath observ'd, and now she flies from me !

THEN

THEN cease, my pipe! the unavailing strain.

APOLLO aids, the Nine inspire in vain:

You, cruel maid! refuse to lend an ear;

No more I sing, since you disdain to hear.

This pipe AMYNTAS gave, on which he play'd:

"Be thou its second lord," the dying shepherd said.

No more I play, now silent let it be;

Nor pipe, nor song, can e'er give joy to me.

DAMON, MENALCAS, AND MELIBOEUS.

A N E C L O G U E.

DAMON.

MILD from the shower, the morning's rosy light
Unfolds the beauteous season to the sight:

C

The

The landscape rises verdant on the view ;
 The little hills uplift their heads in dew ;
 The funny stream rejoices in the vale ;
 The woods with songs approaching summer hail :
 The boy comes forth among the flow'rs to play ;
 His fair hair glitters in the yellow ray.
 Shepherds, begin the song ! while, o'er the mead,
 Your flocks at will on dewy pastures feed.
 Behold fair nature, and begin the song ;
 The songs of nature to the swain belong,
 Who equals CONA's bard in silvan strains,
 To him his harp an equal prize remains ;
 His harp, which sounds on all its sacred strings
 The loves of hunters, and the wars of kings.

MENALCAS.

Now fleecy clouds in clearer skies are seen ;
 The air is genial, and the earth is green :

O'er

O'er hill and dale the flow'rs spontaneous spring,
And blackbirds singing now invite to sing.

MELIBOEUS.

Now milky show'rs rejoice the springing grain ;
New-opening pea-blooms purple all the plain ;
The hedges blossom white on every hand ;
Already harvest seems to clothe the land.

MENALCAS.

WHITE o'er the hill my snowy sheep appear,
Each with her lamb ; their shepherds name they bear.
I love to lead them where the daisies spring,
And on the sunny hill to sit and sing.

MELIBOEUS.

My fields are green with clover and with corn ;
My flocks the hills, and herds the vales adorn.
I teach the stream, I teach the vocal shore,
And woods to echo that " I want no more."

MENALCAS.

To me the bees their annual nectar yield ;
 Peace cheers my hut, and plenty clothes my field.
 I fear no loss: I give to Ocean's wind
 All care away, a monarch in my mind.

MELIBOEUS.

My mind is cheerful as the linnet's lays ;
 Heav'n daily hears a shepherd's simple praise.
 What time I shear my flock, I send a fleece
 To aged MORSA, and her orphan niece.

MENALCAS.

LAVINIA, come ! here primroses upspring ;
 Here choirs of linnets, here yourself may sing ;
 Here meadows worthy of thy foot appear :
 O come, LAVINIA ! let us wander here !

MELIBOEUS.

ROSELLA, come ! here flow'rs the heath adorn ;
 Here ruddy roses open on the thorn ;

Here

Here willows by the brook a shadow give ;
O here, ROSELLA ! let us love to live !

MENALCAS.

LAVINIA's fairer than the flow'rs of May,
Or Autumn apples ruddy in the ray :
For her my flow'rs are in a garland wove,
And all my apples ripen for my love.

MELIBOEUS.

PRINCE of the wood, the oak majestic tow'rs ;
The lily of the vale is queen of flow'rs :
Above the maids ROSELLA's charms prevail,
As oaks in woods, and lilies in the vale.

MENALCAS.

RESOUND, ye rocks ! ye little hills ! rejoice !
Assenting woods ! to Heaven uplift your voice !
Let Spring and Summer enter hand in hand ;
LAVINIA comes, the glory of our land !

MELIBOEUS.

MELIBOEUS.

WHENE'ER my love appears upon the plain,
 To her the wond'ring shepherds tune the strain :
 " Who comes in beauty like the vernal morn,
 " When yellow robes of light all heaven and earth
 " adorn."

MENALCAS.

ROSELLA's mine, by all the Pow'rs above ;
 Each star in heav'n is witness to our love.
 Among the lilies she abides all day ;
 Herself as lovely, and as sweet as they.

MELIBOEUS.

By TWEED LAVINIA feeds her fleecy care,
 And in the sun-shine combs her yellow hair.
 Be thine the peace of Heav'n, unknown to kings,
 And o'er thee angels spread their guardian wings !

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

I FOLLOWED Nature, and was fond of praise ;
 Thrice noble VARO has approved my lays ;
 If he approves, superior to my peers,
 I join th' immortal choir, and sing to other years.

MELIBOEUS.

My mistress is my Muse : the banks of TYNE
 Resound with Nature's music, and with mine ;
 HELEN the fair, the beauty of our green,
 To me adjudg'd the prize when chosen queen.

DAMON.

Now cease your songs : the flocks to shelter fly,
 And the high sun has gain'd the middle sky.
 To both alike the poet's bays belong,
 Chiefs of the choir, and masters of the song.
 Thus let your pipes contend, with rival strife,
 To sing the praises of the pastoral life :

Sing

Sing Nature's scenes with Nature's beauties fir'd,
 Where poets dream'd, where prophets lay inspir'd.
 Even CALEDONIAN queens have trod the meads,
 And scepter'd kings assum'd the shepherds weeds:
 'Th' angelic choirs, that guard the throne of God,
 Have sat with shepherds on the humble sod.
 With us renew'd the golden times remain,
 And long-lost innocence is found again.

P A S T O R A L S O N G.

To the tune of the Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN May when the gowans appear on the green,
 And flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen;
 Where lilies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns upsprung,
 The Yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

BUT

II.

BUT neither the shades, nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
 Nor the blackbirds that warbled on blossoming bow'rs,
 Could pleasure his eye, or his ear entertain ;
 For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain.

III.

THE shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around
 Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound :
 Around as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
 With pity disarmed, with music subdu'd.

IV.

YOUNG JESSY is fair as the spring's early flower,
 And MARY sings sweet as the bird in her bower :
 But PEGGY is fairer and sweeter than they ;
 With looks like the morning, with smiles like the day.

V.

IN the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen,
 Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen :

One hour in her presence an æra excels
 Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells.

VI.

FAIR to the shepherd the new-springing flow'rs,
 When May and when morning lead on the gay hours:
 But PEGGY is brighter and fairer than they;
 She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

VII.

SWEET to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
 When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around;
 But PEGGY far sweeter can speak and can sing,
 Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the spring.

VIII.

WHEN in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
 You would call her a VENUS new sprung from the main:
 When she sings, and the woods with their echoes reply,
 You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

IX.

YE Pow'rs that preside over mortal estate!
 Whose nod ruleth Nature, whose pleasure is Fate,
 O grant me, O grant me the heav'n of her charms!
 May I live in her presence, and die in her arms!

E C L O G U E.

In the manner of OSSIAN.

O COME, my love! from thy echoing hill; thy
 locks on the mountain wind!

THE hill-top flames with setting light; the vale is
 bright with the beam of eve. Blithe on the village
 green the maiden milks her cows. The boy shouts in
 the wood, and wonders who talks from the trees. But

23 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Echo talks from the trees, repeating his notes of joy.
Where art thou, O MORNA! thou fairest among women?
I hear not the bleating of thy flock, nor thy voice
in the wind of the hill. Here is the field of our loves;
now is the hour of thy promise. See, frequent from the
harvest-field the reapers eye the setting sun: but thou
appearest not on the plain.---

DAUGHTERS of the bow! Saw ye my love, with
her little flock tripping before her? Saw ye her, fair
moving over the heath, and waving her locks behind
like the yellow sun-beams of evening?

COME from the hill of clouds, fair dweller of woody
LUMON!

I WAS a boy when I went to LUMON's lovely vale.
 Sporting among the willows of the brook, I saw the
 daughters of the plain. Fair were their faces of
 youth; but mine eye was fixed on MORNA. Red
 was her cheek, and fair her hair. Her hand was
 white as the lily. Mild was the beam of her blue
 eye, and lovely as the last smile of the sun. Her eye
 met mine in silence. Sweet were our words together
 in secret. I little knew what meant the heavings of
 my bosom, and the wild wish of my heart. I often
 looked back upon LUMON's vale, and blest the fair
 dwelling of MORNA. Her name dwelt ever on my
 lip. She came to my dream by night. Thou didst
 come in thy beauty, O maid! lovely as the ghost of
 MALVINA, when, clad with the robes of heaven, she
 came to the vale of the Moon, to visit the aged eyes
 of OSSIAN king of harps.

COME from the cloud of night, thou first of our
 maidens ! come —

THE wind is down ; the sky is clear : red is the
 cloud of evening. In circles the bat wheels over
 head ; the boy pursues his flight. The farmer hails
 the signs of heaven, the promise of halcyon days :
 Joy brightens in his eyes. O MORNA ! first of mai-
 dens ! thou art the joy of SALGAR ! thou art his one
 desire ! I wait thy coming on the field. Mine eye is
 over all the plain. One echo spreads on every side.
 It is the shout of the shepherds folding their flocks.
 They call to their companions, each on his echoing
 hill. From the red cloud rises the evening star.—
 But who comes yonder in light, like the Moon the
 queen of heaven ? It is she ! the star of stars ! the
 lovely light of LUMON ! Welcome, fair beam of
 beauty, for ever to shine in our valleys !

MORNA.

I Come from the hill of clouds. Among the green
 rushes of BALVA's bank, I follow the steps of my be-
 loved. The foal in the meadow frolics round the
 mare : his bright mane dances on the mountain wind.
 The leverets play among the green ferns, fearless of
 the hunter's horn, and of the bounding gray-hound.
 The last strain is up in the wood.---Did I hear the
 voice of my love? It was the gale that sports with
 the whirling leaf, and sighs in the reeds of the lake.
 Blessed be the voice of winds that brings my SALGAR
 to mind. O SALGAR ! youth of the rolling eye!
 thou art the love of maidens. Thy face is a sun to
 thy friends : thy words are sweet as a song : thy
 steps are stately on thy hill : thou art comely in the
 brightness of youth ; like the Moon, when she puts
 off her dun robe in the sky, and brightens the face of
 night. The clouds rejoice on either side: the tra-
 veller

32 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

veller in the narrow path beholds her, round, in her beauty moving through the midst of heaven. Thou art fair, O youth of the rolling eye ! thou wast the love of my youth.

SALGAR.

FAIR wanderer of evening ! pleasant be thy rest on our plains. I was gathering nuts in the wood for my love, and the days of our youth returned to mind ; when we played together on the green, and flew over the field with feet of wind. I tamed the blackbird for my love, and taught it to sing in her hand. I climbed the ash in the cliff of the rock, and brought you the doves of the wood.

MORNA.

It is the voice of my beloved ! Let me behold him from the wood-covered vale, as he sings of the times of old, and complains to the voice of the rock. Pleasant were the days of our youth, like the songs of
other

other years. Often have we sat on the old grey stone,
and silent marked the stars, as one by one they stole
into the sky. One was our wish by day, and one our
dream by night.

SALGAR.

I FOUND an apple-tree in the wood. I planted it in
my garden. Thine eye beheld it all in flower. For
every bloom we marked, I count an apple of gold.
To-morrow I pull the fruit for you. O come, my best
beloved.

MORNA.

WHEN the gossamour melts in air, and the furze
crackle in the beam of noon, O come to CONA's fun-
ny side, and let thy flocks wander in our valleys. The
heath is in flower. One tree rises in the midst. Sweet
flows the river by its side of age. The wild bee hides
his honey at its root. Our words will be sweet on

E the

the funny hill. Till grey Evening shadow the plain,
I will sing to my well-beloved.

D A P H N I S;

A M O N O D Y.

To the memory of a Young Boy of great parts.

N O more of youthful joys or love's fond dreams,
No more of morning fair, or ev'ning mild,
While DAPHNIS lies among the silent dead
Unsung; tho' long ago he trod the path,
The dreary road of death —
Which soon or late each human foot must tread:
He trod the dark uncomfortable wild
By Faith's pure light, by Hope's heav'n-op'ning beams,
By Love whose image gladdens mortal eyes,
And keeps the golden key that opens all the skies.

ASSIST

II.

ASSIST, ye Muses!—and ye will assist;
 For DAPHNIS, whom I sing, to you was dear:
 Ye lov'd the boy, and on his youthful head
 Your kindest influence shed.—
 So may I match his lays, who to the lyre
 Wail'd his lost LYCIDAS by wood and rill:
 So may the Muse my grov'ling mind inspire
 To sing a farewell to thy ashes blest;
 To bid fair peace be to thy gentle shade;
 To scatter flow'rets, cropt by Fancy's hand,
 In sad assemblage round thy tomb,
 If water'd by the Muse, to latest time to bloom.

III.

OFT by the side of LEVEN's crystal lake,
 Trembling beneath the closing lids of light,
 With slow short-measur'd steps we took our walk:
 Then he would talk

Of argument far, far above his years ;
 Then he would reason high,
 'Till from the east the silver Queen of night
 Her journey up heav'n's steep began to make,
 And Silence reign'd attentive in the sky.

IV.

O HAPPY days ! for ever, ever gone !
 When o'er the flow'ry green we ran, we play'd
 With blooms bedropt by youthful Summer's hand ;
 Or, in the willow-shade,
 We mimic castles built among the sand,
 Soon by the founding surge to be beat down,
 Or sweeping winds ; when, by the fedge marsh,
 We heard the heron, and the wild duck harsh,
 And sweeter lark tune his melodious lay,
 At highest noon of day.
 Among the antic moss-grown stones we'd roam,
 With ancient hieroglyphic figures grac'd,

Winged

Winged hour-glasses, bones, and skulls, and spades,
 And obsolete inscriptions by the hands
 Of other ages ; ah ! I little thought
 That we then play'd o'er his untimely tomb !

V.

WHERE were ye, Muses ! when the leaden hand
 Of Death, remorseless, clos'd your DAPHNIS' eyes ?
 For sure ye heard the weeping mother's cries ;
 But the dread pow'r of Fate what can withstand ?
 Young DAPHNIS smil'd at Death ; the tyrant's darts
 As stubble counted. What was his support ?
 His conscience, and firm trust in him whose ways
 Are truth ; in him who fways
 His potent sceptre o'er the dark domains
 Of death and hell ; who holds in strait'ned reins
 Their banded legions : “ Thro' the darksome vale
 “ He'll guide my trembling steps with heav'nly ray ;
 “ I see the dawning of immortal day,”

He smiling said, and died !—

VI.

HAIL and farewell, blest youth ! soon hast thou left
This evil world ; fair was thy thread of life,
But quickly by the envious Sisters shorn :
Thus have I seen a rose with rising morn
Unfold its glowing bloom, sweet to the smell,
And lovely to the eye ; when a keen wind
Hath tore its blushing leaves, and laid it low,
Stripp'd of its sweets.—Ah ! so,
So DAPHNIS fell ! long ere his prime he fell !
Nor left he on these plains his peer behind ;
These plains, that mourn their loss, of him bereft,
No more look gay, but desert and forlorn.

VII.

Now cease your lamentations, shepherds ! cease :
Tho' DAPHNIS died below, he lives above ;
A better life, and in a fairer clime,

He lives : no sorrow enters that blest place,
 But ceaseless songs of love and joy resound ;
 And fragrance floats around,
 By fanning zephyrs from the spicy groves,
 And flow'rs immortal, wafted ; Asphodel
 And Amaranth, unfading, deck the ground,
 With fairer colours than, ere ADAM fell,
 In EDEN bloom'd : there hap'ly he may hear
 This artless song. Ye pow'rs of verse ! improve,
 And make it worthy of your darling's ear,
 And make it equal to the shepherd's love.

VIII.

THUS, in the shadow of a frowning rock,
 Beneath a mountain's side, shaggy and hoar,
 A homely swain tending his little flock,
 Rude, yet a lover of the Muse's lore,
 Chanted his Doric strain till close of day,
 Then rose, and homeward slowly bent his way.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

OF all the Scottish northern Chiefs
 Of high and mighty name,
 The bravest was Sir JAMES THE ROSS,
 A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
 That crowns the mountain's brow ;
 And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
 His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large,
 And large his flocks of sheep,
 And num'rous were his goats and deer
 Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Ross,
 A firm and warlike band :
 Five hundred warriors drew the sword
 Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
 Against the English keen,
 Ere two and twenty op'ning springs
 The blooming youth had seen.

The fair MATILDA dear he lov'd,
 A maid of beauty rare ;
 Even MARG'RET on the Scottish throne
 Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd, long she refus'd
 With seeming scorn and pride ;
 Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
 Her fearful words deny'd.

At length she blest'd his well-try'd love,
 Allow'd his tender claim ;
 She vow'd to him her virgin-heart,
 And own'd an equal flame.

Her brother, BUCHAN's cruel lord,
 Their passion disapprov'd :
 He bade her wed Sir JOHN the GRÆME,
 And leave the youth she lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
 Deep in a shady wood ;
 Where on the bank, beside the burn,
 A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
 The crafty DONALD lay,
 The brother of Sir JOHN the GRÆME,
 To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began : “ My Sire

“ Our passion difapproves ;

“ He bids me wed Sir JOHN the GRÆME,

“ So here muft end our loves.

“ My father’s will muft be obey’d,

“ Nought boots me to withftand ;

“ Some fairer maid in beauty’s bloom

“ Shall blefs thee with her hand.

“ Soon will MATILDA be forgot,

“ And from thy mind effac’d ;

“ But may that happinefs be thine,

“ Which I can never tafte !”

“ What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?”

Sir JAMES the ROSS replied ;

“ And will MATILDA wed the GRÆME,

“ Tho’ fworn to be my bride ?

44 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

“ His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,

“ Than reave me of thy charms”——

And clasp’d her to his throbbing breast,

Fast lock’d within her arms.

“ I spoke to try thy love,” she said,

“ I’ll near wed man but thee ;

“ The grave shall be my bridal bed,

“ If GRÆME my husband be.

“ Take then, dear youth ! this faithful kiss,

“ In witness of my troth ;

“ And every plague become my lot,

“ That day I break my oath.”

They parted thus—the sun was set :

Up hasty DONALD flies ;

And, “ Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !”

He loud insulting cries,

Soon

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,

And soon his sword he drew ;

For DONALD's blade before his breast

Had pierc'd his tartans thro'.

“ This for my brother's slighted love ;

“ His wrongs fit on my arm.”—

Three paces back the youth retir'd,

And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd

Fierce DONALD's head above ;

And thro' the brain and crashing bone.

The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound ; he fell,

A lump of lifeless clay :

“ So fall my foes,” quoth valiant Ross,

And stately strode away.

Thro'

46 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Thro' the green wood in haste he pass'd
Unto Lord BUCHAN's hall,
Beneath MATILDA's windows stood,
And thus on her did call :

“ Art thou asleep, MATILDA fair !

“ Awake, my love ! awake ;

“ Behold thy lover waits without,

“ A long farewell to take.

“ For I have slain fierce DONALD GRÆME,

“ His blood is on my sword ;

“ And far, far distant are my men,

“ Nor can defend their lord.

“ To SKYE I will direct my flight,

“ Where my brave brothers bide,

“ And raise the Mighty of the Isles

“ To combat on my side.”

“ O do not so,” the maid replied,

“ With me till morning stay ;

“ For dark and dreary is the night,

“ And dang’rous is the way.

“ All night I’ll watch thee in the park ;

“ My faithful page I’ll fend,

“ In haste to raise the brave Clan Ross

“ Their master to defend.”

He laid him down beneath a bush,

And wrap’d him in his plaid ;

While, trembling for her lover’s fate,

At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o’er hill and dale,

Till, in a lowly glen,

He met the furious Sir JOHN GRÆME

With twenty of his men,

“ Where

“ Where goest ? thou little page !” he said,

“ So late who did thee fend ?”

“ I go to raise the brave Clan Ross,

“ Their master to defend.

“ For he has slain fierce DONALD GRAEME,

“ His blood is on his sword ;

“ And far, far distant are his men,

“ Nor can assist their lord.”

“ And has he slain my brother dear ?”

The furious chief replies :

“ Dishonour blast my name, but he

“ By me ere morning dies.

“ Say, page ! where is Sir JAMES the Ross ?

“ I will thee well reward.”

“ He sleeps into Lord BUCHAN’s park ;

“ MATILDA is his guard.”

They

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,
 Like light'ning, o'er the lea :
 They reach'd Lord BUCHAN's lofty tow'rs
 By dawning of the day.

MATILDA stood without the gate
 Upon a rising ground,
 And watch'd each object in the dawn,
 All ear to every sound.

"Where sleeps the Ross?" began the GRÆME,
 "Or has the felon fled?
 "This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,
 "By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,
 The virgin shrieking heard :
 Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
 When the fierce band appear'd.

“ Your sword last night my brother flew,

“ His blood yet dims its shine ;

“ And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,

“ Your blood shall reek on mine.”

“ Your words are brave,” the chief return’d ;

“ But deeds approve the man.

“ Set by your men, and hand to hand

“ We’ll try what valour can.”

With dauntless step he forward strode,

And dar’d him to the fight :

The GRÆME gave back, and fear’d his arm,

For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,

Sunk down beneath his sword ;

But still he scorn’d the poor revenge,

And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the GRÆME,
 And wounded in the side :
 Out spouting came the purple stream,
 And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,
 Nor sunk he to the ground,
 Till thro' his en'my's heart his sword
 Had forc'd a mortal wound.

GRÆME, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
 Fell breathless on the clay ;
 And down beside him sunk the Ross,
 And faint and dying lay.

MATILDA saw, and fast she ran :
 " O spare his life," she cried ;
 " Lord BUCHAN's daughter begs his life,
 " Let her not be denied."

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;

He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes ;

He fix'd them on the weeping maid,

And weakly thus replies :

“ In vain MATILDA begs the life

“ By death's arrest deny'd ;

“ My race is run—adieu, my love !”

Then clos'd his eyes, and dy'd.

The sword, yet warm from his left side,

With frantic hand she drew ;

“ I come, Sir JAMES the ROSS,” she cry'd,

“ I come to follow you.”

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,

And bar'd her snowy breast,

Then fell upon her lover's face,

And sunk to endless rest.

VERNAL ODE.

SEE ! see ! the genial Spring again ;
 Unbind the glebe, and paint the plain.

The garden blooms : the tulips gay
 For thee put on their best array,
 And ev'ry flower so richly dight
 In spangled robes of varying light.

FROM noisy towns and noxious sky,
 Hither, AMELIA ! haste and fly.
 View these gay scenes, their sweets inhale ;
 Health breathes in every balmy gale ;
 Nor fear lest the returning storm
 The vernal season may deform.
 For hark ! I hear the swallows sing,
 Who ne'er uncertain tidings bring :

They

'They with glad voice proclaim on high,
 " The Spring is come, the Summer's nigh."
 Sweet bird ! what sacred lore is thine,
 The change of seasons to divine ?
 Thou countest no revolving day
 By solar or sidereal ray :
 No clock hast thou, with busy chime
 To tell the silent lapse of time,
 To call thee from thy drowsy cell ;
 'Tis heaven that rings thy matin bell.
 Strait all the chatt'ring tribe obey,
 Start from their trance, and wing away ;
 To their lov'd summer seats repair,
 And ev'ry pinion floats on air.

O D E : TO A FOUNTAIN.

O Fountain of the wood ! whose glassy wave
 Slow-welling from the rock of years,
 Holds to heav'n a mirror blue,
 And bright as ANNA's eye,

With whom I've sported on the margin green :
 My hand with leaves, with lilies white,
 Gaily deck'd her golden hair,
 Young NAIAD of the vale.

Fount of my native wood ! thy murmurs greet
 My ear, like poets heav'nly strain :
 Fancy pictures in a dream
 The golden days of youth.

56 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

O state of innocence ! O paradise !

In Hope's gay garden, Fancy views

Golden blossoms, golden fruits,

And EDEN ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth !

Ye brothers of my bosom ! where

Do ye tread the walks of life,

Wide scatter'd o'er the world ?

Thus winged larks forsake their native nest,

The merry minstrels of the morn ;

New to heav'n they mount away,

And meet again no more.

All things decay ; the forest like the leaf ;

Great kingdoms fall ; the peopled globe,

Planet-struck, shall pass away ;

Heav'ns with their hosts expire :

But

But Hope's fair visions, and the beams of Joy,
 Shall cheer my bosom : I will sing
 Nature's beauty, Nature's birth,
 And heroes on the lyre.

Ye NAIADS ! blue-eyed sisters of the wood !
 Who by old oak, or storied stream,
 Nightly tread your mystic maze,
 And charm the wand'ring Moon,

Beheld by poet's eye ; inspire my dreams
 With visions, like the landscapes fair
 Of heav'n's bliss, to dying faints
 By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest ! in thy poet's lays
 Thy waves shall flow : this wreath of flow'rs,
 Gather'd by my ANNA's hand,
 I ask to bind my brow.

D A N I S H O D E.

THE great, the glorious deed is done !

The foe is fled ! the field is won !

Prepare the feast ; the heroes call ;

Let joy, let triumph fill the hall !

THE raven clasps his fable wings ;

The Bard his chosen timbrel brings ;

Six virgins round, a select choir,

Sing to the music of his lyre.

WITH mighty ale the goblet crown ;

With mighty ale your sorrows drown ;

To-day, to mirth and joy we yield ;

To morrow, face the bloody field.

FROM

FROM danger's front, at battle's eve,
 Sweet comes the banquet to the brave ;
 Joy shines with genial beam on all,
 The joy that dwells in ODIN's hall.

THE song bursts living from the lyre,
 Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire ;
 When mimic shrieks the heroes hear,
 And whirl the visionary spear.

MUSIC's the med'cine of the mind ;
 The cloud of Care give to the wind ;
 Be ev'ry brow with garlands bound,
 And let the cup of Joy go round.

THE cloud comes o'er the beam of light ;
 We're guests that tarry but a night :

In the dark house, together prefs'd,
The prince's and the people rest.

SEND round the shell, the feast prolong,
And fend away the night in song ;
Be blest below, as those above
With ODIN's and the friends they love.

DANISH ODE.

IN deeds of arms, our fathers rise
Illustrious in their offspring's eyes :
They fearless rush'd thro' Ocean's storms,
And dar'd grim Death in all its forms ;
Each youth assum'd the sword and shield,
And grew a hero in the field.

SHALL

SHALL we degenerate from our race,
 Inglorious, in the mountain chace ?
 Arm, arm in fallen HUBBA's right ;
 Place your forefathers in your fight ;
 To fame, to glory fight your way,
 And teach the nations to obey.

ASSUME the oars, unbind the fails ;
 Send, ODIN ! send propitious gales.
 At LODA's stone, we will adore
 Thy name with songs, upon the shore ;
 And, full of thee, undaunted dare
 The foe, and dart the bolts of war.

No feast of shells, no dance by night,
 Are glorious ODIN's dear delight :
 He, king of men, his armies led,
 Where heroes strove, where battles bled ;

Now reigns above the morning-star,
The god of thunder and of war.

BLESS'd who in battle bravely fall !
They mount on wings to ODIN's hall ;
To Music's fount, in cups of gold,
They drink new wine with chiefs of old ;
The song of Bards records their name,
And future times shall speak their fame.

HARK ! ODIN thunders ! haste on board ;
Illustrious CANUTE ! give the word.
On wings of wind we pass the seas,
To conquer realms, if ODIN please :
With ODIN's spirit in our soul,
We'll gain the globe from pole to pole.

ANACREONTIC:

ANACREONTIC:

TO A WASP.

The following is a ludicrous imitation of the usual Anacreontics ; the spirit of composing which was raging, a few years ago, among all the sweet singers of GREAT BRITAIN.

WINGED wand'rer of the sky !

Inhabitant of heav'n high !

Dreadful with thy dragon tail,

Hydra-head, and cot of mail !

Why dost thou my peace molest ?

Why dost thou disturb my rest ?

When in May the meads are seen,

Sweet enamel ! white and green ;

And the gardens, and the bow'rs,

And the forests, and the flow'rs,

64 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Don their robes of curious dye,

Fine confusion to the eye !

Did I —— chafe the in thy flight ?

Did I —— put thee in a fright ?

Did I —— spoil thy treasure hid ?

Never—never—never—did.

Envious nothing ! pray beware ;

Tempt mine anger, if you dare,

Trust not in thy strength of wing ;

Trust not in thy length of sting.

Heav'n nor earth shall thee defend ;

I thy buzzing soon will end.

Take my counsel, while you may ;

Devil take you, if you stay.

Wilt—thou—dare—my—face—to—wound ?—

Thus, I fell thee to the ground.

Down amongst the dead men, now

Thou shalt forget thou ere wast thou.

Anacreontic

Anacreontic Bards beneath,
Thus shall wail thee after death.

CHORUS OF ELYSIAN BARDS.

“ A Wasp, for a wonder,
“ To paradise under
“ Descends: see ! he wanders
“ By STYX’s meanders !
“ Behold, how he glows,
“ Amidst RHODOPE’s snows
“ He sweats, in a trice,
“ In the regions of ice !
“ Lo ! he cools, by GOD’s ire,
“ Amidst brimstone and fire !
“ He goes to our king,
“ And he shows him his sting.

“ (God PLUTO loves satire,
 “ As women love attire ;)
 “ Our king sets him free,
 “ Like fam’d EURIDICE.
 “ Thus a Wasp could prevail
 “ O’er the Devil and hell,
 “ A conquest both hard and laborious !
 “ Tho’ hell had fast bound him,
 “ And the Devil did confound him,
 “ Yet his sting and his wing were victorious.”

THE MUSIAD:

A MINOR EPIC POEM.

In the manner of Homer. A Fragment.

IN ancient times, ere traps were fram’d,
 Or cats in BRITAIN’S Isle were known ;
 A mouse, for pow’r and valour fam’d,
 Possess’d in peace the regal throne.

A far-

A farmer's house he nightly storm'd,
 (In vain were bolts, in vain were keys ;)
 The milk's fair surface he deform'd,
 And digg'd entrenchments in the cheese.

In vain the farmer watch'd by night,
 In vain he spread the poison'd bacon ;
 The mouse was wise as well as wight,
 Nor could by force or fraud be taken.

His subjects follow'd where he led,
 And dealt destruction all around ;
 His people, shepherd-like, he fed ;
 Such mice are rarely to be found !

But evil fortune had decreed,
 (The foe of mice as well as men,)
 The royal mouse at last should bleed,
 Should fall---ne'er to arise again.

68 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Upon a night, as authors say,

A luckless scent our hero drew,

Upon forbidden ground to stray,

And pass a narrow cranny through.]

That night a feast the farmer made,

And joy unbounded fill'd the house;

The fragments in the pantry spread

Afforded bus'ness to the mouse.

He eat his fill, and back again

Return'd; but access was deny'd.

He search'd each corner, but in vain;

He found it close on every side.

Let none our hero's fears deride;

He roar'd (ten mice of modern days,

As mice are dwindl'd and decay'd,

So great a voice could scarcely raise.)

Rouz'd

Rous'd at the voice, the farmer ran,

And seiz'd upon his hapless prey.

With entreaties the mouse began,

And pray'rs, his anger to allay.

"O spare my life," he trembling cries;

"My subjects will a ransom give,

"Large as thy wishes can devise,

"Soon as it shall be heard I live."

"No, wretch!" the farmer says in wrath,

"Thou dy'ft; no ransom I'll receive."

"My subjects will revenge my death,"

He said; "this dying charge I leave."

The farmer lifts his armed hand,

And on the mouse inflicts an wound.

What mouse could such a blow withstand?

He fell, and dying bit the ground.

Thus

Thus LAMBRIS fell, who flourish'd long,
 (I half forgot to tell his name ;)

But his renown lives in the song,
 And future times shall speak his fame.

A mouse, who walk'd about at large
 In safety, heard his mournful cries;
 He heard him give his dying charge,
 And to the rest he frantic flies.

Thrice he essay'd to speak, and thrice
 Tears, such as mice may shed, fell down.
 "Revenge your monarch's death," he cries,
 His voice half-stiff'd with a groan.

But having reassum'd his senses,
 And reason, such as mice may have,
 He told out all the circumstances
 With many a strain and broken heave.

Chill'd with sad grief, th' assembly heard ;
 Each dropp'd a tear, and bow'd the head :
 But symptoms soon of rage appear'd,
 And vengeance for the royal dead.

Long sat they mute : at last up rose
 The great HYPENOR, blameless sage !
 A hero born to many woes ;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age.

His bulk so large, his joints so strong,
 Though worn with grief, and past his prime,
 Few rats could equal him, 'tis sung,
 As rats are in these dregs of time:

Two sons, in battle brave, he had,
 Sprung from fair LALAGE's embrace ;
 Short time they grac'd his nuptial bed,
 By dogs destroy'd in cruel chase,

Their

Their timelefs fate the mother wail'd,
 And pin'd with heart-corroding grief :
 O'er every comfort it prevail'd,
 Till death advancing brought relief..

Now he's the laft of all his race,
 A prey to wo : He inly pin'd ;
 Grief pictur'd fat upon his face ;
 Upon his breast his head reclin'd..

And, “ O my fellow-mice !” he faid,
 “ Thefe eyes ne'er faw a day fo dire,
 “ Save when my gallant children bled.
 “ O wretched fons ! O wretched fire !

“ But now a gen'ral caufe demands
 “ Our grief, and claims our tears alone ;
 “ Our monarch, flain by wicked hands,
 “ No iffue left to fill the throne.

“ Yet

“ Yet, tho’ by hostile man much wrong’d,

“ My counsel is, from arms forbear,

“ That so your days may be prolong’d ;

“ For man is Heav’n’s peculiar care.”

LOCHLEVEN: A POEM.

HAIL, native land ! where on the flow’ry banks

Of LEVEN, Beauty ever-blooming dwells ;

A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews

Of Morning, circles her ambrosial locks

Loose-waving o’er her shoulders ; where she treads,

Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring

And Summer wait, to raise the various flow’rs

Beneath her footsteps ; while the cheerful birds

Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,

Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.

ATTEND, AGRICOLA ! who to the noise
 Of public life preferr'ft the calmer fcenes
 Of folitude, and fweet domeftic blifs,
 Joys all thine own ! attend thy poet's ftain,
 Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints
 The paft'ral mountains, the poetic freams,
 Where raptur'd Contemplation leads thy walk,
 While filent Evening on the plain defcends.

BETWEEN two mountains, whose o'erwhelming
 tops,
 In their fwift courfe, arreft the bellying clouds,
 A pleafant valley lies. Upon the fouth,
 A narrow op'ning parts the craggy hills ;
 Thro' which the lake, that beautifies the vale,
 Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,
 And wid'ning by degrees, it ftretches north

To the high OCHEL, from whose snowy top
The streams that feed the lake flow thund'ring down.

THE twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,
Trinkling with dew; and whilst the bird of day
Tunes his ethereal note, and wakes the wood,
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,
The sun appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heav'n and earth.

O now, while nature smiles in all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,
O LEVEN! and the landscape measure round.
From gay KINROSS, whose stately tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various checquer'd scene,
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glitt'ring streams,
To ruin'd ARNOT; or ascend the height

Of rocky LOMOND, where a riv'let 'pure
 Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled
 crag

Tinkles amusive. From the mountain's top,
 Around me spread, I see the goodly scene !
 Inclosures green, that promise to the swain
 The future harvest ; many-colour'd meads ;
 Irriguous vales, where cattle low, and sheep
 That whiten half the hills ; sweet rural farms
 Oft interspers'd, the seats of past'ral love
 And innocence ; with many a spiry dome
 Sacred to heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls
 Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.
 Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,
 Like constellations in the starry sky,
 Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,
 The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,
 Send out a gen'ral song ; 'tis beauty all

To poet's eye, and music to his ear.

NOR is the shepherd silent on his hill,
His flocks around ; nor school-boys, as they creep,
Slow pac'd, tow'rds school ; intent, with oaten pipe
They wake by turns wild music on the way.

BEHOLD the man of sorrows hail the light !
New risen from the bed of pain, where late,
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd for morn.
Soon as he feels the quick'ning beam of heav'n,
And balmy breath of May, among the fields
And flow'rs he takes his morning walk : his heart
Beats with new life ; his eye is bright and blithe ;
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek ; renew'd
In youth and beauty, his unbidden tongue
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heav'n.

IN ancient times, as ancient Bards have sung,
 This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak
 Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top
 The eagle mark'd his prey ; the stately ash
 Rear'd high his nervous stature, while below
 The twining alders darken'd all the scene.
 Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood
 Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove
 Coo'd, amorous, all the livelong summer's day.
 Lover of men, the piteous redbreast plain'd,
 Sole-fitting on the bough. Blithe on the bush,
 The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland choir,
 Warbled his liquid lay ; to shepherd-swain
 Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,
 With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,
 He tended in the vale : while leverets round,
 In sportive races, through the forest flew
 With feet of wind ; and, vent'ring from the rock,

The

The snow-white coney fought his ev'ning meal.
 Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve
 He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook
 That piece-meal printed ruins in the rock,
 Beheld the blue-eyed Sisters of the stream,
 And heard the wild note of the fairy throng
 That charm'd the Queen of heav'n, as round the tree
 Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,
 With sky-blue mantles glitt'ring in her beam.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name,
 Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
 Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,
 Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north
 Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the Sun.
 Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks
 Of age, yet youth was ruddy on his cheek ;
 His farm his only care ; his sole delight

'To tend his daughter, beautiful and young,
 'To watch her paths, to fill her lap with flow'rs,
 'To see her spread into the bloom of years,
 'The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
 His age's hope, the apple of his eye,
 Belov'd of Heav'n, his fair LEVINA grew
 In youth and grace, the NAIAD of the vale.
 Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs
 Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
 Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
 Soft-temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n,
 And innocence, illum'd her virgin-eye,
 Lucid and lovely as the morning star.
 Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
 Of valley-lily, op'ning in a show'r ;
 Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
 The glory of the year, when first she comes
 Array'd, all-beauteous, with the robes of heav'n,

And

And breathing summer breezes ; from her locks
 Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs,
 Thus beautiful she look'd ; yet something more,
 And better far than beauty, in her looks
 Appear'd : the maiden blush of modesty ;
 The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content ;
 Health's freshest rose, the sun-shine of the soul ;
 Each height'ning each, effus'd o'er all her form
 A nameless grace, the Beauty of the Mind.

Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
 The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
 The rival shepherds of the neighb'ring dale,
 Who laid the spoils of Summer at her feet,
 And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
 But pure as buds before they blow, and still
 A virgin in her heart, she knew not love ;
 But all alone, amid her garden fair,

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
 She spent her days ; her pleasing task to tend
 The flow'rs ; to lave them from the water-spring ;
 To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath,
 Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.
 In youth the index of maturer years,
 Left by her school-companions at their play,
 She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
 The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,
 Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
 And hem'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
 Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glin,
 She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their names.
 Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,
 Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd
 That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
 Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

HER garden stretch'd along the river-side,
 High up a funny bank : on either side,
 A hedge forbade the vagrant foot ; above,
 An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.
 Transplanted here by her creative hand,
 Each herb of Nature, full of fragrant sweets,
 That scents the breath of summer ; every flow'r,
 Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
 In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,
 In beauteous clusters flourish'd ; Nature's work,
 And order, finish'd by the hand of Art.
 Here gowans, natives of the village green,
 To daisies grew. The lilies of the field
 Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun.
 Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
 Unfrequent scatter'd, as by Nature's hand,
 Shaded the flower's, and to her EDEN drew
 The earliest concerts of the spring, and all

The various music of the vocal year :

Retreat romantic ! Thus from early youth
 Her life she led ; one summer's day, serene
 And fair, without a cloud : like poet's dream
 Of vernal landscapes, of ELYSIAN vales,
 And islands of the blest ; where, hand in hand,
 Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
 And Love and Joy lead on immortal youth.

'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs
 Had wak'd the various vegetable race
 To life and beauty, fair LEVINA stray'd.
 Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd
 To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,
 That Nature's hand creative pours at will,
 Beauty unbounded ! over Earth's green lap,
 Gay without number, in the day of rain.
 O'er valleys gay, o'er hillock's green she walk'd,

Sweet as the season, and at times awak'd
 The echoes of the vale, with native notes
 Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet ;
 Sweet as th' hosannahs of a Form of light,
 A sweet-tongu'd Seraph in the bow'rs of bliss.

HER, as she halted on a green hill-top,
 A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,
 In golden ringlets glitt'ring to the sun,
 Upon her bosom play'd : her mantle green,
 Like thine, O Nature ! to her rosy cheek
 Lent beauty new ; as from the verdant leaf
 The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
 Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
 Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft
 He look'd to heav'n, and oft he met her eye
 In all the silent eloquence of love ;
 Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began :

“ Fair

“ Fair wanderer of the wood! What heav’nly Pow’r,
 Or Providence, conducts thy wand’ring steps
 To this wild forest, from thy native seat
 And parents, happy in a child so fair?
 A shepherdes, or virgin of the vale,
 Thy drefs bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,
 And eye, bright as the morning-star, confess
 Superior birth and beauty, born to rule :
 As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
 Her virgin-orb, appears the Queen of heav’n,
 And with full beauty gilds the face of night.
 Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,
 And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,
 Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,
 And wildings of the wood : Soft under shade,
 Let us recline by mossy fountain-side,
 While the wood suffers in the beam of noon.
 I’ll bring my love the choice of all the shades ;

First fruits ; the apple ruddy from the rock ;
 And clust'ring nuts, that burnish in the beam.
 O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become
 The owner of these fields ? I'll give thee all
 That I possess, and all thou see'st is mine."

Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye,
 And thus the maiden, with a blush began :
 " Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
 Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
 The dwelling of my fire, a peaceful swain ;
 Yet at his frugal board Health sits a guest,
 And fair Contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
 'The patriarch of the plains : 'ne'er by his door
 The needy pass'd, or the way-faring man.
 His only daughter, and his only joy,
 I feed my father's flock ; and, while they rest,
 At times retiring, lose me in the wood,

Skill'd

82 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb
 That opes its virgin bosom to the Moon.
 No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows
 Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
 The Queen of flowers — But sooner might the weed
 That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
 Prefume to match with yonder mountain oak,
 That stands the tempest and the bolt of heav'n,
 From age to age the monarch of the wood —
 O ! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
 To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
 With me at noon in these delightful shades,
 I might have list'ned to the voice of love,
 Nothing reluctant ; might with you have walk'd
 Whole summer-funs away. At even-tide,
 When heav'n and earth in all their glory shine
 With the last smiles of the departing sun ;
 When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense,

And

And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man ;
 We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,
 Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the Moon
 To hear the music of true lovers vows.
 But fate forbids, and fortune's potent frown,
 And honour, inmate of the noble breast.
 Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
 Cease, beauteous stranger ! cease, beloved youth !
 To vex a heart that never can be yours."

Thus spoke the maid, deceitful : but her eyes,
 Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,
 Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth
 Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul
 Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,
 And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows
 Of love : " O virgin ! fairest of the fair !
 My one beloved ! Were the Scottish throne

'To me transmitted thro' a scepter'd line
 Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my queen,
 And CALEDONIA's diadems adorn
 A fairer head than ever wore a crown.'

SHE reddened like the morning, under veil
 Of her own golden hair. The woods among,
 They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
 Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning ; parted then,
 The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.

NEXT day he found her on a flow'ry bank,
 Half under shade of willows, by a spring,
 The mirrour of the swains, that o'er the meads,
 Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way.
 Thro' many a winding walk and alley green,
 She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,
 He gaz'd, all eye, o'er th' enchanting scene :

And

And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the
 flow'rs,

Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd
 The beautiful creatrefs; and awak'd
 The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,
 ADAM and EVE, in EDEN's blifsful bow'rs,
 When newly come from their Creator's hand,
 Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
 In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,
 That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
 And found the paradise that ADAM lost.
 Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,
 Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day
 That blefs'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes
 An age of gold, the heav'n of happiness
 That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

AND now the morning, like a rosy bride
 Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
 Her beauteous robes of light: the Naiad streams,
 Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,
 Flow'd down the dale: the voices of the grove,
 And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,
 Sung over head, and there was joy in heav'n.
 Ris'n with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids
 Stray'd thro' the woods, and o'er the vales, in quest
 Of flow'rs, and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.

FAIR in the bosom of the level lake
 Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring
 Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,
 And blooming from afar. High in the midst,
 Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
 Grew ever green, and every month renew'd

Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold,
 Here ev'ry bride (as ancient poets sing)
 Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
 To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
 The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
 For many a coming year. LEVINA now
 Had reach'd the isle, with an attendant maid,
 And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit;
 But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
 Not fonder fought the first created fair
 The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
 The source of human wo. Two plants arose
 Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs
 In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
 In evil hour she rooted from the ground.
 At once the island shook, and shrieks of wo
 At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
 Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,

Her

Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her dy'd.
 Trembling, and pale, and boding woes to come,
 They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.

AND now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
 And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy,
 They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
 Sent by the angry demon of the isle,
 A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake
 To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk
 The fair LEVINA to a wat'ry tomb.
 Her sad companions, bending from a rock,
 Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands
 Held up to heav'n, and heard the shriek of death:
 Then over-head the parting billow clos'd,
 And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays,
 The Muse relates; and sure each tender maid
 For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,

And

And happ'ly my EUMELIA, (for her soul
 Is pity's self,) as, void of household cares,
 Her ev'ning walk she bends beside the lake,
 Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop
 A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid,
 And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
 Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
 Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
 All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
 Long looking o'er the lake, and saw at times
 The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd;
 Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,
 And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

I KNEW an aged swain, whose hoary head
 Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,
 Who much had seen, and from the former times
 Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth

96 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

In winter ev'nings, to the gaping swains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of LOMOND and LEVINA he would talk ;
And how of old, in BRITAIN'S evil days,
When brothers against brothers drew the sword
Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then these fair forests and ELYSIAN scenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
A muirish fen ; and hence the lab'ring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mould'ring trunks
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious Power !
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of Innocence and Joy : now, sweating, guides

The shining ploughshare ; tames the stubborn foil ;
 Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh ;
 Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
 The haunt of flock's : and clothes the barren heath
 With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

FAIR from his hand, behold the village rise,
 In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees !
 Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains
 At even-tide, descending from the hill,
 With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
 Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
 The street resounds with Labour's various voice,
 Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
 Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
 Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
 The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
 Their gray-hair'd grandfires, sitting in the sun,

Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
 The well-remember'd stories of their youth
 Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
 Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
 For ever pleasant, and for ever new !
 Swells th' exulting thought, expands the soul,
 Drowning each ruder care : a blooming train
 Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
 Imagination rouses at the scene,
 And backward, thro' the gloom of ages past,
 Beholds ARCADIA, like a rural Queen,
 Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
 The mazy dance conducting on the green.
 Nor yield to old ARCADIA's blissful vales
 Thine, gentle LEVEN ! green on either hand
 Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,

With

With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice

With all the riches of the golden year.

Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,

Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks

Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air

With music, grateful to the master's ear.

The trav'ller stops, and gazes round and round

O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart

With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,

Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,

Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,

Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

How beautiful around the lake outspreads

Its wealth of waters, the furrounding vales

Renews, and holds a mirrour to the sky,

Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,

Haunts of the angler ! First, the gulfy Po,

That thro' the quaking marsh and waving reeds
 Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid QUEECH,
 Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep
 Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave
 Of flow'ry LEVEN, for the canine pike
 And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,
 O GAIRNY ! sweetly winding, claims the song.
 First on thy banks the DORIC reed I tun'd,
 Stretch'd on the verdant grass ; while twilight meek,
 Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing thro' the air,
 Silent and still, on ev'ry closed flow'r
 Shed drops nectareous ; and around the fields
 No noise was heard, save where the whisp'ring reeds
 Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air
 The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heav'ly o'er the lee,
 And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.
 There would I sit, and tune some youthful lay,
 Or watch the motion of the living fires,

That

That day and night their never-ceasing course
 Wheel round th' eternal poles, and bend the knee
 To him the Maker of yon starry sky,
 Omnipotent ! who, thron'd above all heav'ns,
 Yet ever present through the peopl'd space
 Of vast Creation's infinite extent,
 Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours himself,
 His own essential goodness, o'er the minds
 Of happy beings, thro' ten thousand worlds.

Nor shall the Muse forget thy friendly heart,
 O LELIUS ! partner of my youthful hours ;
 How often, rising from the bed of peace,
 We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,
 Inhaling health and harmony of mind ;
 Philosophers and friends ; while science beam'd,
 With ray divine as lovely on our minds
 As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light

Reveal'd

Reveal'd the vernal landscape to the view.
 Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,
 Much of the loofer follies of mankind,
 Hum'rous and gay, we'd talk, and much would laugh ;
 While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
 Imagination offer'd to our view.

FRONTING where GAIRNY pours his silent urn
 Into the lake, an island lifts its head,
 Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd
 Of cells ; where from the noisy world retir'd
 Of old, as fame reports, Religion dwelt
 Safe from the insults of the dark'ned crowd
 That bow'd the knee to ODIN ; and in times
 Of ignorance, when CALEDONIA's sons
 (Before the triple-crowned giant fell)
 Exchang'd their simple faith for ROME's deceits.

Here

Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
 A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault ;
 Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight-hour,
 In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
 Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.
 It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,
 The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,
 The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
 Deep-founding in the base, with all the tribe
 That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

FROM hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
 'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild ;
 Such as in SELMA, by the burning oak
 Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
 Warn'd FINGAL's mighty son, from trembling chords
 Of untouch'd harp, self-founding in the night.
 Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the lake,

That

That leaves the wat'ry grot, each night to mourn
 The waste of time, his desolated isles
 And temples in the dust : his plaintive voice
 Is heard resounding thro' the dreary courts
 Of high LOCHLEVEN castle, famous once,
 Th' abode of heroes of the BRUCE's line ;
 Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
 With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
 Of jutting battlements, an age's toil !
 No more its arches echo to the noise
 Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
 Of blazing taper thro' its windows beams,
 And quivers on the undulating wave :
 But naked stand the melancholy walls,
 Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
 That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,
 And piece-meal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.
 Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,

That

That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
 Half hid in grass, the solitary fox ;
 While from above the owl, musician dire !
 Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

EQUAL in age, and sharers of its fate,
 A row of moss-grown trees around it stand.
 Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
 A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year ;
 Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
 When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
 Within a step of the devouring grave ;
 When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone,
 And ev'ry appetite before him dead.

BRIGHT shines the morn, while in the ruddy east
 The sun hangs hov'ring o'er th' Atlantic wave.
 Apart on yonder green hill's funny side,
 Seren'd with all the music of the morn,

106 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Attentive let me sit ; while from the rock,
 The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,
 Bounding elastic from th' indented grafs,
 At every fall it springs, and thund'ring shoots,
 O'er rocks and precipices, to the plain.
 And let the shepherd careful tend his flock
 Far from the dang'rous steep; nor, O ye swains!
 Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears
 Yon wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse
 Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man!
 Cheerful and strong went forth at rising morn
 To usual toil ; but, ere the evening hour,
 His sad companions bare him lifeless home.
 Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
 A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,
 Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,
 Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain ;
 When now arriv'd the instrument of death,

-And

And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
 Drank up his blood : such was the will of Heav'n.

How wide the landscape opens to the view !
 Still as I mount, the less'ning hills decline,
 Till high above them northern GRAMPIUS lifts
 His hoary head, bending beneath a load
 Of everlasting snow. - O'er southern fields
 I see the CHEVIOT hills, the ancient bounds
 Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight
 Brave PIERCY and the gallant DOUGLAS bled,
 The house of heroes, and the death of hosts !
 Wat'ring the fertile fields, majestic FORTH,
 Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,
 With many a vessel trim and oared bark
 In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er
 The wealth and product of far distant lands.

108 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BUT chief mine eye on the subjected vale
Of LEVEN pleas'd looks down ; while o'er the trees,
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
The tow'ring smoke of early fire ascends,
And the shrill cock proclaims th' advanced morn.

How blest the man ! who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field ; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world.
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells ; and with him dwells
Peace and Content, twins of the Sylvan shade,
And all the Graces of the golden age.
Such is AGRICOLA, the wise, the good,
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught

With

With self-importance, as the starched fool ;
 Who challenges respect by solemn face,
 By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.
 Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.
 Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,
 With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
 But man his study, and the better part ;
 To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
 The various scenes of life with God's applause.
 Deep in the bottom of the flow'ry vale,
 With blooming fallows and the leafy twine
 Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands
 Complete in rural elegance. The door,
 By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
 Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
 There, O how sweet ! amid the fragrant shrubs
 At ev'ning cool to sit ; while, on their boughs,
 The nest'd songsters twitter o'er their young,

And

And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
 The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
 Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
 Of western cloud ; while converse sweet deceives
 The stealing foot of time. Or where the ground,
 Mounded irregular, points out the graves
 Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane,
 Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
 In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
 As Night's seraphic bard, immortal YOUNG,
 Or sweet-complaining GREY ; there see the goal
 Of human life, were drooping, faint, and tir'd,
 Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
 And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground !
 Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
 The dear remembrance of his native fields,

To cheer the tedious night ; while slow disease
 Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
 Of dark DECEMBER shook his humble cot.

O D E :

T O P A O L I.

WHAT man, what hero shall the Muses sing,
 On classic lyre or CALEDONIA string,
 Whose name shall fill th' immortal page ;
 Who, fir'd from heav'n with energy divine,
 In sun-bright glory bids his actions shine
 First in the annals of the age ?
 Ceas'd are the golden times of yore ;
 The age of heroes is no more ;
 Rare, in these latter times, arise to fame
 The poet's strain inspir'd, or hero's heav'nly flame.

What

II.

What star arising in the southern sky,
 New to the heav'ns, attracting EUROPE'S eye,
 With beams unborrow'd shines afar ?
 Who comes, with thousands marching in his rear,
 Shining in arms, shaking his bloody spear,
 Like the red comet, sign of war ?
 PAOLI ! sent of heav'n, to save
 A rising nation of the brave ;
 Whose firm right hand his angels arm, to bear
 A shield before his host, and dart the bolts of war.

III.

He comes ! he comes ! the saviour of the land !
 His drawn sword flames in his uplifted hand,
 Enthusiast in his country's cause ;
 Whose firm resolve obeys a nation's call,
 To rise deliverer, or a martyr fall
 To Liberty, to dying laws.

Ye sons of Freedom ! sing his praise ;
 Ye poets ! bind his brows with bays ;
 Ye scepter'd shadows ! cast your honours down,
 And bow before the head that never wore a crown.

IV.

Who to the hero can the palm refuse ?
 Great ALEXANDER still the world subdued,
 The heir of everlasting praise.
 But when the hero's flame, the patriot's light ;
 When virtues human and divine unite ;
 When olives twine among the bays,
 And, mutual, both MINERVA's shine ;
 A constellation so divine,
 A wond'ring world behold, admire, and love,
 And his best image here, th' Almighty marks above.

V.

As the lone shepherd hides him in the rocks,
 When high heav'n thunders ; as the tim'rous flocks

From the descending torrent flee :
 So flies a world of slaves at War's alarms,
 When Zeal on flame, and Liberty in arms,
 Leads on the fearless and the free,
 Resistless ; as the torrent flood,
 Horn'd like the moon, uproots the wood,
 Sweeps flocks, and herds, and harvests from their base,
 And moves th' eternal hills from their appointed place.

VI.

Long hast thou labour'd in the glorious strife,
 O land of Liberty ! profuse of life,
 And prodigal of priceless blood.
 Where heroes bought with blood the martyr's crown,
 A race arose, heirs of their high renown,
 Who dar'd their fate thro' fire and flood :
 And GAFFORI the great arose,
 Whose words of pow'r, disarm'd his foes ;
 And where the filial image smil'd afar,
 The fire turn'd not aside the thunders of the war.

VII.

O Liberty! to man a guardian giv'n,
 Thou best and brightest attribute of heav'n!
 From whom descending, thee we sing.
 By nature wild, or by the arts refin'd,
 We feel thy pow'r essential to our mind;
 Each son of Freedom is a king.
 Thy praise the happy world proclaim,
 And BRITAIN worships at thy name,
 Thou guardian angel of BRITANNIA'S isle!
 And GOD and man rejoice in thy immortal smile.

VIII.

Island of beauty! lift thy head on high;
 Sing a new song of triumph to the sky!
 The day of thy deliv'rance springs!
 The day of vengeance to thy ancient foe.
 Thy sons shall lay the proud oppressor low,
 And break the head of tyrant kings.

PAOLI ! mighty man of war !

All bright in arms, thy conqu'ring car
Ascend ; thy people from the foe redeem,
Thou delegate of Heav'n, and son of the Supreme !

IX.

Rul'd by th' eternal laws, supreme o'er all,
Kingdoms, like kings, successive rise and fall.

When CÆSAR conquer'd half the earth,
And spread his eagles in Britannia's fun,
Did CÆSAR dream the savage huts he won

Should give a far-fam'd kingdom birth ?

'That here should ROMAN Freedom 'light ;

The western Muses wing their flight ;

The Arts, the Graces find their fav'rite home ;

Our armies awe the globe, and BRITAIN rival ROME ?

X.

'Thus, if th' Almighty say, " Let Freedom be,"

Thou, CORSICA ! thy golden age shalt see.

Rejoice

Rejoice with songs, rejoice with smiles;
 Worlds yet unfound, and ages yet unborn,
 Shall hail a new BRITANNIA in her morn,
 The Queen of arts, the Queen of isles:
 The Arts, the beauteous train of Peace,
 Shall rise and rival ROME and GREECE;
 A NEWTON Nature's book unfold sublime;
 A MILTON sing to heav'n, and charm the ear of Time.

O D E:

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

HAIL, beauteous Stranger of the wood,
 Attendant on the spring!
 Now heav'n repairs thy rural feat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon

II.

Soon as the daisie decks the green,

Thy certain voice we hear :

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,

Or mark the rolling year ?

III.

Delightful Visitant ! with thee

I hail the time of flow'rs,

When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet

Of birds among the bow'rs.

IV.

The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood

To pull the flow'rs so gay,

Starts, thy curious voice to hear,

And imitates thy lay.

V.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest, in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

VI.

Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

VII.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
 We'd make, with social wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

E L E G Y :

T O S P R I N G.

I.

'TIS past : the iron North has spent his rage ;
 Stern Winter now resigns the length'ning day ;
 The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
 And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

II.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
 From southern climes, beneath another sky,
 The sun, returning, wheels his golden course ;
 Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

III.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
 To his own clime, to ZEMBLA's frozen shore ;
 Where, thrō'd on ice, he holds eternal reign ;
 Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loos'd

IV.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground

Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,

Again puts forth her flow'rs ; and all around,

Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

V.

Behold ! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs ;

Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,

The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;

The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

VI.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the Queen,

Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun :

The birds on ground, or on the branches green,

Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Q

Soon

VII.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
 From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
 And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

VIII.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms
 That fill the air with fragrance all around,
 The linet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
 While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

IX.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
 Along the greenward, mark'd with ROMAN mound,
 Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
 The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now

X.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
 Who love to walk in Virtue's flow'ry road,
 Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
 And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

XI.

Thus ZOROASTERS studied Nature's laws ;
 Thus SOCRATES, the wisest of mankind ;
 Thus heav'n-taught PLATO trac'd th' Almighty cause,
 And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

XII.

Thus ASHLEY gather'd Academic bays ;
 Thus gentle THOMSON, as the Seasons roll,
 Taught them to sing the great CREATOR's praise,
 And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

XIII.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn ;
 My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
 Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
 And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

XIV.

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged year,
 I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain ;
 Tho' frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
 Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

XV.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet blest'd my days ;
 I fear'd no loss, my MIND was all my store ;
 No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease ;
 Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now

XVI.

Now Spring returns : but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known ;
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

XVII.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass :

XVIII.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft

XIX.

Oft morning-dreams preface approaching fate ;
 And morning-dreams, as poet's tell, are true.
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

XX.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo ;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

XXI.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
 Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There

XXII.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
 When sleep fits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with Wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

XXIII.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night's gone, and the lost morn arise.

F I N I S.









